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4-9-2017

# Senior Recital: Deanna Payne, soprano

Deanna Payne

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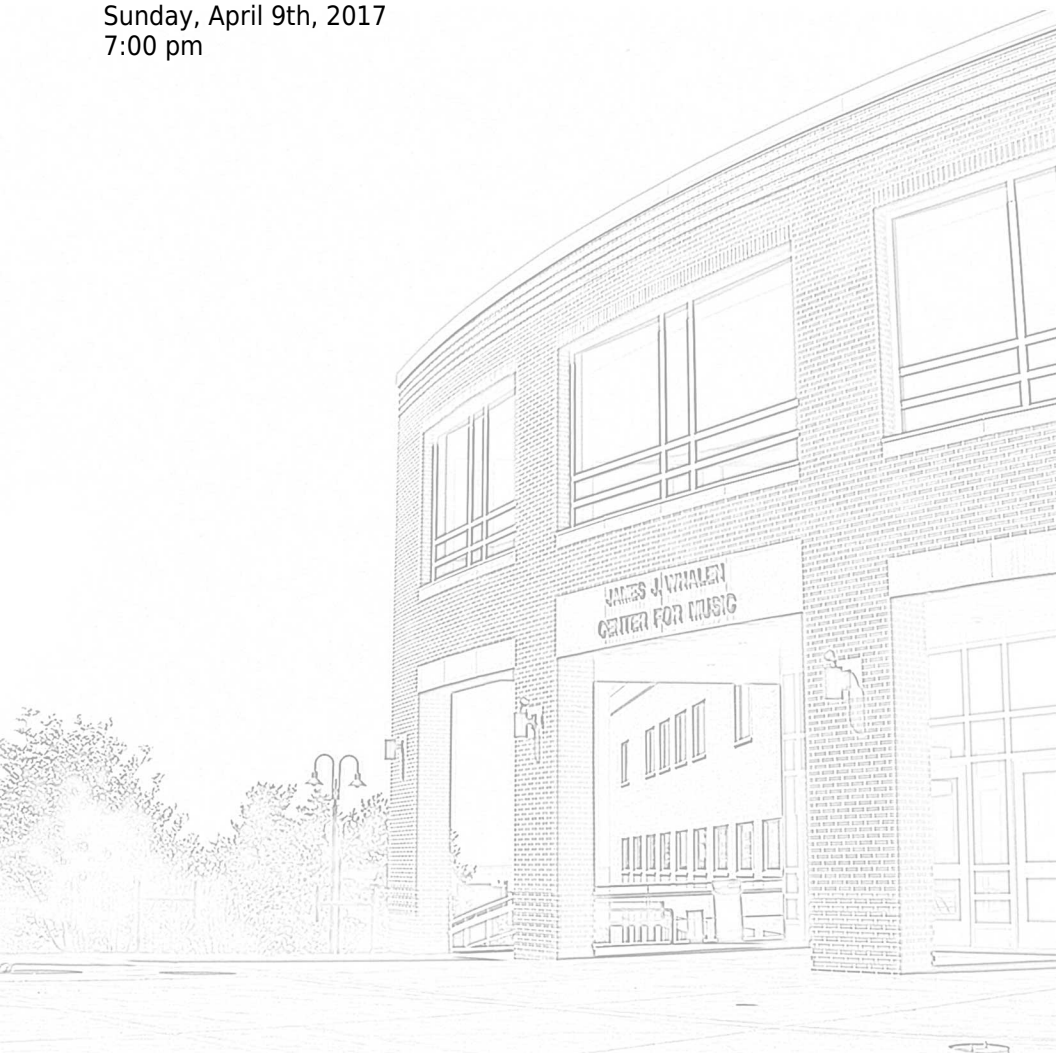
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**Senior Recital:**  
Deanna Payne, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano  
Molly DeLorenzo, cello

Ford Hall  
Sunday, April 9th, 2017  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto  
Dille ch'il viver mio  
Sposa son disprezzata

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

*Molly DeLorenzo, cello*

*Frauenliebe und-leben, op. 42*

III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben  
IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger  
VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust  
VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

## Intermission

*Banalités*

I. Chanson d'Orkenise  
II. Hôtel  
III. Fagnes de Wallonie  
IV. Voyage à Paris

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

When Far From Her  
Forgotten  
Come, Ah Come

Amy Beeches  
(1867-1944)

"Laurie's Song"  
from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

## Translations

### Vieni, vieni o mio diletto

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto	Come, come, oh my beloved
Che il mio cor è tutto affetto,	For my heart is all affection
Già t'aspetta, e ognor ti chiama	It is ever awaiting and forever calls to you.
Il mio cor è tutto affetto	My heart is all affection.

### Dille ch'il viver mio

Dille ch'il viver mio	Tell her that I will end my days
Col suo bel nome io chiuderò	With her lovely name upon my lips.
Poi daglo elisi ombra dolente	And that, from Elysian Fields
Pietosi baci le recherò.	I will send her pious kisses.

### Sposa son disprezzata

Sposa son diprezzata,	As a wife, I am scorned
Fida son oltraggiata	A faithful women, I am insulted
Cieli che faci mai	Heavens, whatever have I done?
E pur egl'è il mio cor,	And yet, he is in my heart
Il mio sposo, il mio amor,	My husband, my love,
La mia speranza	My hope.
L'amo ma egl'è in fedel,	I love him but he is unfaithful,
Spero ma egl'è crudel,	I hope but he is cruel,
Morir mi lascerai?	Will you let me die?
O Dio manca il valor e la costanza.	Oh God, where is courage and faithfulness.

### Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben	I can't comprehend or believe it
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt	certainly a dream has bewitched me
Wie hatt er doch unter Allen	How could he among all others
Mich Arme erhoht und beglückt?	Chosen someone as unimportant as I to honor and make happy?
Mir wars, er habe gesprochen:	He said to me:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"	"I am forever yours,"

Mir vars ich traume noch  
immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein,  
O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.  
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht  
glauben...

It seemed to me- I must still be  
dreaming  
It certainly can never be so,  
Oh let me die in this dream  
rocked on his breast  
and savor a more blessed death  
In endless tear of happiness.  
I can't comprehend or believe  
it...

### **Du Ring an meinem Finger**

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die  
Lippen,  
An das Herze mein.  
Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen  
Traum,  
Ich fand allein much verloren  
Im öden unendlich Raum.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen tiefen  
Wert.  
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben  
  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben  
  
Und finden verklärt mich  
In seinem Glanz.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger...

You ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring  
I press you devoutly to my lips  
  
And to my heart.  
I have finished with dreaming  
childhood's peaceful, lovely  
dream  
I found myself alone, lost  
In a bare, infinite space.  
You ring on my finger  
you have just now taught me  
something  
you have opened my eyes  
To the infinitely deep value of  
life.  
I want to serve him, live for  
him,  
to belong to him completely  
to give myself up to him and  
find  
myself transfigured  
by his radiance  
You ring on my finger...

### **An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**

An meinem Herzen, an meiner  
Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine  
Lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe,  
Die Lieb ist has Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt

On my heart, on my breast  
  
You my delight, you my joy!  
  
The happiness is love  
the love is happiness  
I have said

Und nehm's nicht zurück.  
Hab' über schwenglich mich  
geschätzt  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt,  
Nur die da säugt,  
Nur die da liebt das Kint,  
Dem sie die Nahrung giebt;  
Nur eine Mutter Weiss allein  
Was lieben heist und glücklich  
sein.  
O wie bedaur' ich doch den  
Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen  
kann!  
Du lieber, lieber Engel,  
Du, du schauest mich an  
Und lächlest dazu!  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner  
Brust  
Du meine Wonne, du meine  
Lust!

And I won't take it back  
I thought myself overjoyed  
  
But I'm only overjoyed now.  
Only she will nurse  
only she who loves the child  
to whom she gives nourishment  
only a mother knows alone  
What it means to love and be  
happy.  
Oh how I pity men  
  
Who will never feel a mother's  
happiness.  
You dear, dear Angel,  
you, you look at me  
And smile also!  
Here on my heart, on my breast  
  
You my delight, my joy!

### **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**

Nun hast du mir den ersten  
Schmerz getan,  
Der aber traf.  
Du schläfst, du harter,  
Unbarmherziger Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.  
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich  
hin,  
Die Velt ist leer, ist leer.  
  
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,  
Ich bin nicht lebent mer,  
Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres  
Still zurück, der schleier fällt,  
Da hab ich dich und mein  
verlornes Glück,  
Du meine Welt!

Now you have hurt me for the  
first time  
It has struck me hard  
you sleep, you hard,  
merciless man  
The sleep of death  
The abandoned one looks at her  
future  
And the world is empty, is  
empty  
loved have I and lived  
I am not living longer  
I pull my inner self  
quietly back, the veil falls  
there I have you and my lost  
happiness  
You my world!

## Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un vanupieds.  
Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au vanupieds:  
"Qu'empportes-tu de la ville?"

"J'y laisse mon coeur entire."  
Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier  
"Qu'appotes-tu dans la ville?"

"Mon coeur pour me marier."  
Que de coeurs dans Orkenise  
Les gardes riaient, riaient  
Vanupieds, la route est girse  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.  
Les beaux gardes de la ville

Tricotaient superbement  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

Through the gates of Orkenise  
Wants to enter a carter  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
Wants to leave a tramp.  
And the guards of the town  
Ran up to the tramp  
"What are you taking from the town?"  
"I am leaving my whole heart."  
And the guards of the town  
Ran up to the carter  
"What are you bringing into the town?"  
"My heart for myself to marry."  
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise  
The guards laughed, laughed  
Tramp the road is dreary  
Love intoxicates, oh carter.  
The handsome guards of the town  
Knitted superbly  
Then the gates of the town  
Closed themselves slowly.

## Hôtel

Ma chamber a la forme d'une  
cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la  
fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer  
Pour faire des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma  
cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler  
Je veux fumer.

My room has the form of a cage  
The sun passes it's arms  
through the window  
But I who wants to smoke  
For the sake of making smoke  
pictures  
Light with the fire of the day my  
cigarette  
I do not want to work at all  
I want to smoke.

## Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénieres  
Prirent mon coeur aux fanges  
désolées  
Quand las j'ai resposé

So much overwhelming sadness  
Took over my heart on the  
desolate moors  
When weary I rested

Dans les sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres  
Pendant que râlait le vent  
d'ouest  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés

Ma pipe essayait de faire des  
nuages au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret  
Sinon une chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humide  
Les brurères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les  
airelle  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts et tors  
La vie y mord la mort  
A belles dents  
A belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent.

Among the fir tree  
The weight of the kilometers  
While there moaned the wind of  
the west  
I had left the pretty woods  
The squirrels have remained  
there

My pipe tried to make the  
clouds in the sky  
Which remained obstinately  
clear

I did not confide any secret  
Except an enigmatic song  
to the damp peat bog  
the heather fragrant with honey  
Attracted the bees  
And my aching feet  
Trod the bilberries and  
blueberries  
Tenderly brought together  
North  
North  
There life itself twists  
In the trees strong and gnarled  
The life bites the death  
With strong teeth  
With strong teeth  
When howls the wind.

### **Voyage à Paris**

Ah! La charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Qu'un jour du créer l'amour

Ah! La charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Ah! Quitter un pays morose  
Charmante chose.

Ah! The charming thing  
To leave a gloomy place  
For Paris  
Once upon a time it must have  
created love  
Ah! The charming thing  
To leave a gloomy place  
For Paris  
Lovely Paris  
Ah! To leave a gloomy place  
Charming thing.